KING RICHARD III.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY Mrs. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

Shakspeare's historical plays are particularly valuable, wherein faithful history is combined with transcendant poetry.

The present play comprises every incident of note in the life and death of King Richard the Third, and contains a period of fourteen years.

Mr. Malone says of this drama—"From the many allusions to it in books of that age, when it was first acted, and the number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented, and more admired, than any of our author's tragedies."

Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have been a judge of theatrical, as well as of political, measures highly admired the tragedy of Richard III. and it was played frequently by her royal command.

Her majesty was ever most gracious to the author and all his productions; but it is by some critics imagined that her partiality to this drama, arose from the particular gratification, of beholding her grandfather, Richmond, placed in the most exalted and amiable situation, in which Henry the Seventh could ever be shown.

In the reign of William and Mary, the whole first

act of this play was omitted in representation, by order of the licenser; who assigned as his reason—that the distresses of Henry the Sixth, who is killed in the first act, by Richard, would put weak people too much in mind of King James the Second, who was then living an exile in France.

Of this play, in representation, some peculiar circumstances may be observed. An audience, who, it is generally known, hate, even in the person of his representative, the villain of the drama, still hold in their greatest favour, the actor who performs Richard the Third.

Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, and Cooke, have all in their turn, been favoured with the love, as well as the admiration, of the town, for acting Richard.

Walpole's "Historic Doubts" out of the question, Garrick appears to have been the actor, of all others, best suited for this character.—His diminutive figure gave the best personal likeness of the crooked-back king. He had, besides, if tradition may be relied on, the first abilities as a mimic; and Richard himself, was a mass of mimicry, except in his ambition, and his cruelty.

Henderson was received with welcome in the character, when Garrick was no more; and Kemble, and Cooke have been followed on the same grounds.

Cooke holds, at present, the possession of the part, and has popular favour in it, to the highest degree. That he is a very fine actor, all, who see him, acknowledge; but, of his performance of Richard the Third,

may exactly be said, what Dr. Johnson has said of the play of Richard the Third viz:

"This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet, I know not, whether it has not happened to him, as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
KING HENRY	*Mr. Wroughton.*	*Mr. Murray.*
PRINCE OF WALES	*Master Tokeley.*	*Mrs. Findlay.*
DUKE OF YORK	*Miss C. Bristow.*	*Master Benson.*
DUKE OF GLOSTER	*Mr. Elliston.*	*Mr. Cooke.*
BUCKINGHAM	*Mr. Barrymore.*	*Mr. Cresswell.*
RICHMOND	*Mr. Pope.*	*Mr. Brunton.*
NORFOLK	*Mr. Holland.*	*Mr. Chapman.*
RATCLIFF	*Mr. Maddocks.*	*Mr. Treby.*
CATESBY	*Mr. Lee.*	*Mr. Jefferies.*
TRESSEL	*Mr. De Camp.*	
OXFORD		*Mr. Field.*
PEMBROKE		*Mr. King.*
STANLEY	*Mr. Packer.*	*Mr. Davenport.*
LORD MAYOR	*Mr. Waldron.*	*Mr. Atkins.*
TIRREL	*Mr. Webb.*	
BLUNT		*Mr. W. Murray.*
BRACKENBURY	*Mr. Cooke.*	*Mr. Waddy.*
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER		
FOREST		
DIGHTON		
QUEEN ELIZABETH	*Mrs. Powell.*	*Mrs. St. Ledger.*
DUCHESS OF YORK	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Miss Leserve.*
LADY ANNE	*Mrs. Ansel.*	*Miss Taylor.*

Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Garden in the Tower.

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* OFFICER.

Lieut. Has King Henry walk'd forth this morning?
Offi. No, sir; but it is near his hour.
Lieut. At any time, when you see him here,
Let no stranger into the garden;
I would not have him star'd at—See, who's that,
Now ent'ring at the gate? [*Knocking within.*
Offi. Sir, the Lord Stanley.
Lieut. Leave me— [*Exit* OFFICER.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower:
I heard last night you late arriv'd with news
Of Edward's victory to his joyful queen.
Stanley. Yes, sir; and I am proud to be the man,
That first brought home the last of civil broils:
The houses now of York and Lancaster,

Like bloody brothers, fighting for a birthright,
No more shall wound the parent, that would part them:
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.

Lieut. Near Tewksbury, my lord, I think they fought;
Has the enemy lost any men of note?

Stanley. Sir, I was posted home,
Ere an account was taken of the slain:
But, as I left the field, a proclamation,
From the king, was made in search of Edward,
Son to your prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,
Which gave reward to those discov'ring him,
And him his life, if he'd surrender.

Lieut. That brave young prince, I fear, 's unlike his father,
Too high of heart, to brook submissive life:
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,
For on this battle's cast, his all was set.

Stanley. King Henry and ill fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience:
How does he pass the time in his confinement?

Lieut. As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown;
The king seems dead in him—but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes,
That fate had bless'd him with an humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.

Stanley. Were it not possible to see this king?
They say, he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,
And even treats them with respect and honour.

Lieut. This is his usual time of walking forth
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the garden)
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails;
Behind this arbour we, unseen, may stand
A while to observe him. [*They retire.*

Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. By this time the decisive blow is struck;
Either my queen and son are bless'd with victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
'Would I were dead, if Heav'n's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and care?
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it;
When life's but a short chase, our game content,
Which, most pursu'd, is most compell'd to fly;
And he, that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand;
While the poor peasant, from some distant hill,
Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

Stanley. He seems extremely mov'd.

Lieut. Does he know you?

Stanley. No; nor would I have him.

Lieut. We'll show ourselves. [*They come forward.*

K. Hen. Why, there's another check to proud ambition!
That man received his charge from me, and now
I'm his prisoner—he locks me to my rest.
Such an unlook'd-for change who could suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that rais'd him?
But that I should not now complain of,
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe
His civil treatment of me—'Morrow, Lieutenant;
Is any news arriv'd?—Who's that with you?

Lieut. A gentleman, that came last night express
From Tewksbury—We've had a battle.

K. Hen. Comes he to me with letters, or advice?

Lieut. Sir, he's King Edward's officer, your foe.

K. Hen. Then he won't flatter me—You're welcome, sir;
Not less because you are King Edward's friend,
For I have almost learn'd myself to be so;

Could I but once forget I was a king,
I might be truly happy, and his subject.
You've gain'd a battle; is't not so?

Stanley. We have, sir,—how, will reach your ear too soon.

K. Hen. If to my loss, it can't too soon—pray, speak;
For fear makes mischief greater than it is.
My queen! my son! say, sir, are they living?

Stanley. Since my arrival, sir, another post
Came in, which brought us word, your queen and son
Were prisoners now at Tewksbury.

K. Hen. Heav'n's will be done! the hunters have them now,
And I have only sighs and prayers to help them?

Stanley. King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword,
Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;
And soldiers love a bold and active leader.
Fortune, like women, will be close pursu'd;
The English are high mettled, sir, and 'tis
No easy part to fit them well—King Edward
Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

K. Hen. Alas! I thought them men, and rather hop'd
To win their hearts by mildness than severity.
My soul was never form'd for cruelty;
In my eyes, justice has seem'd bloody;
When, on the city gates, I have beheld
A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,
My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight;
I took them down, and bury'd, with his limbs,
The memory of the dead man's deeds—Perhaps
That pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;
For kings are put in trust for all mankind,
And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserv'd these frowns of fortune.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant,
For his access to King Henry's presence.
Lieut. I come to him. [*Exit, with* OFFICER.
Stanley. His business may require your privacy;
I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Farewell!
Who can this be! a sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seiz'd my limbs:
I fear some heavy news!

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Who is it, good Lieutenant?
Lieut. A gentleman, sir, from Tewksbury: he seems
A melancholy messenger—for, when I ask'd
What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh:
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*

Enter TRESSEL.

K. Hen. Fatal indeed! his brow's the title-page,
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.
Say, friend, how does my queen! my son!
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd.
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my poor son's death, ere thou relat'st it.
Now wouldst thou say—your son did thus, and thus,
And thus your queen! so fought the valiant Oxford;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed)

ou hast a sigh, to blow away this praise,
ıding with—queen and son, and all are dead.

Tressel. Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends;
But for my lord, your son——

K. Hen. Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge thee!
Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

Tressel. 'Would it were wrong to say; but, sir, your fears are true.

K. Hen. Yet for all this, say not my son is dead.

Tressel. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to
Believe, what 'would to Heav'n I had not seen!
But in this last battle, near Tewksbury,
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire,
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,
Still made his way, where danger stood to oppose him.
A braver youth, of more courageous heat,
Ne'er spurr'd his courser at the trumpet's sound.
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?
In fine, King Edward won the bloody field,
Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.

K. Hen. Yet hold! for, oh! this prologue lets me in
To a most fatal tragedy to come.
Dy'd he a prisoner, say'st thou? how? by grief?
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?

Tressel. After the fight, Edward, in triumph, ask'd
To see the captive prince—the prince was brought,
Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms;
Asking what reparation he could make
For having stirred his subjects to rebellion?
Your son, impatient of such taunts, reply'd,
Bow like a subject, proud, ambitious York!

While I, now speaking with my father's mouth,
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to:
From these, more words arose; till, in the end,
King Edward, swell'd with what th' unhappy prince,
At such a time, too freely spoke, his gauntlet
In his young face with indignati[illegible]
At which crook'd Richard, Cla[illegible] rest,
Bury'd their fatal daggers in his he[illegible]
In bloody state I saw him on the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.

K. Hen. Oh! hadst thou stabb'd, at every word's deliverance,
Sharp poignards in my flesh, while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.
Oh, Heav'ns! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the ravenous wolves' fell gripe!
But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

Tressel. All, sir: but the first wound Duke Richard gave.

K. Hen. There let him stop! be that his last of ills!
Oh, barbarous act! unhospitable men!
Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of birthright gone,
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?
Nor could his father's wrongs content you?
Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed?
You have no children—butchers, if you had,
The thought of them would sure have stirr'd remorse.

Tressel. Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

K. Hen. Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow, naked, in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?
Away! by Heaven, I shall abhor his sight,
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!

If thou wilt sooth my sorrow, then I'll thank thee;
Ay! now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

Tressel. Alas, my lord, I fear more evils towards you!

K. Hen. Why, let it come; I scarce shall feel it now;
My pres[illegible] have beat me to the ground;
And my[illegible] make me fall no lower.
What ca[illegible]—give it its ugliest shape—
Oh, my poor boy!

Tressel. A word does that; it comes in Gloster's form.

K. Hen. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

Tressel. After the murder of your son, stern Richard,
As if unsated with the wounds he had given,
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;
And, being asked by Clarence of the cause,
He, low'ring, cried, Brother, I must to the Tower;
I've business there; excuse me to the king:
Before you reach the town, expect some news:
This said, he vanish'd—and, I hear, is arriv'd.

K. Hen. Why, then the period of my woes is set;
For ills, but thought by him, are half perform'd.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with an Order.*

Lieut. Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd t' obey:
An order for your close confinement.

K. Hen. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

Lieut. Sir, from the Duke of Gloster.

K. Hen. Good night to all then! I obey it.
And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,
And take of me thy last, short-living, leave.
Nay, keep thy tears, till thou hast seen me dead:
And when, in tedious winter nights, with good
Old folks, thou sitt'st up late,
To hear them tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Tower.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;
And all the clouds, that low'r'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried:
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:
But I, that am not made for sportive tricks,
Nor made to [illegible]ous looking-glass;
I, that am ru[illegible]and want love's majesty,
To strut befo[illegible]abling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away my hours,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
As are of happier person than myself;
Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,
Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem—
But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh, I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul!

I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Tower.

KING HENRY, *sleeping on a Couch.*

Enter LIEUT[illegible]

Lieut. Asleep so soon! [illegible] minds no seasons;
The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same;
She's fond of any hour, that yields repose.

K. Hen. Who's there! Lieutenant! is it you? Come hither!

Lieut. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted!

K. Hen. Oh! I have had the fearfull'st dream! such sights,

That, as I live,
I would not pass another hour so dreadful,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
Reach me a book—I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Good day, my lord; what, at your book so hard?
I disturb you.

K. Hen. You do indeed.

Glost. Friend, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

K. Hen. What bloody scene has Roscius now to act? [*Exit* LIEUTENANT.

Glost. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. Where thieves, without controlment, rob and kill,
The traveller does fear each bush a thief:
The poor bird, that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush;
And I, the hapless male of one swe[e]t bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and kill'd.

Glost. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd:
Thou shouldst have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

K. Hen. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy words;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glost. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.
Glost. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine:
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old men's sighs, and widow's moans;
How many orphans' water-standing eyes;
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And children for their parents' timeless death,
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born!
The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign!
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou, wert born,
Which plainly s[illegible], thou cam'st to bite mankind;
And, if the rest be true, which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——
Glost. I'll hear no more—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
For this, amongst the rest, I was ordain'd. [*Stabs him.*
K. Hen. Oh! and for much more slaughter after this;
Just Heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glost. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?—I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
Oh may such purple tears be always shed,

From those, who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither;
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear;
Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward;
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
Good Heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signify'd,
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then since the Heav'ns have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it;
I have no brother, am like no brother,
And this word love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men, like one another,
And not in me—I am—myself alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
But if I fail not in my deep intent,
Thou'st not another day to live; which done,
Heav'n take the weak King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in,
But soft—I'm sharing spoil, before the field is won.
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

St. Paul's.

Enter TRESSEL, *meeting* LORD STANLEY.

Tressel. My lord, your servant; pray what brought you to St. Paul's?

Stanley. I came among the crowd, to see the corps
Of poor King Henry: 'tis a dismal sight;
But yesterday I saw him the Tower;
His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
That I could weep, to think how fate has us'd him.
I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy,
In suffering him to lie expos'd to view;
Can he believe that men will love him for't?

Tressel. O yes, sir, love him, as he loves his brothers.
When was you with King Edward, pray, my lord?
I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Stanley. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to court, and hear more news of him?

Tressel. I am oblig'd to pay attendance here:
The lady Anne has license to remove
King Henry's corpse to be interred at Chertsey,
And I'm engaged to follow her.

Stanley. Mean you King Henry's daughter in law?

Tressel. The same, sir, widow to the late Prince Edward,
Whom Gloster kill'd at Tewksbury.

Stanley. Alas! poor lady! She's severely used!

And yet, I hear, Richard attempts her love :
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage him.

Tressel. Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape, can fright him :
He sent for leave to visit her, this morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her bed, to avoid him :
Will you along
To see this doleful ceremony?

Stanley. I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. 'Twas her excuse, to avoid me.—Alas!
She keeps no bed——
She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey,
But not to bear the sight of me.
I cannot blame her——
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
To shrink my arm up, like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity, to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part.
Am I then a man to be belov'd?
Monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *hastily.*

Lieut. My lord, I beg your grace——

Glost. Begone, fellow! I'm not at leisure.

Lieut. My lord, the King, your brother,'s taken ill.

Glost. I'll wait on him : leave me friend.
Ha! Edward taken ill!
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

That from his loins no more young brats may rise,
To cross me in the golden time I look for.

Enter LADY ANNE, *in Mourning*, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, GUARDS, BEARERS, *with* KING HENRY's *Body, and Six* LADIES *in Mourning*.

But see, my love appears—look where she shines,
Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
Thro' her dark veil of rainy sorrow!
So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, arm'd with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
'Tis true my form perhaps may little move her,
But I've a tongue, shall wheedle with the devil:
Why I can smile, and smile, and murder when I smil
And cry content, to that, which grieves my hea
And wet my cheek with artificial tears,
And suit my face to all occasions.
Yet hold, she mourns the man, that I have kill'
First let her sorrows take some vent—stand here
I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn
This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity
For his repentant murderer. [*He retire*

Lady A. Hung be the heav'ns with black; yi
day to night;
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting star
That have consented to King Henry's death.
Oh! be accurst the hand, that shed his blood,
Accurst the head, that had the heart to do it;
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the life of him,
Than I am now by Edward's death, and thine.

Glost. Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse
self. [

Lady A. If ever he have child, abortive be it

Prodigious and untimely brought to light;
Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect,
May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness.
Now on to Chertsey, with your sacred load.

Glost. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Lady A. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glost. Villains, set down the corse, or by St. Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glost. Unmanner'd slave! stand thou, when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Lady A. Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?
Thou hast but power over his mortal body;
His soul thou canst not reach, therefore begone.

Glost. Sweet saint, be not so hard for charity.

Lady A. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Why didst thou do this deed? could not the laws
Of man, of nature, nor of Heav'n dissuade thee?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glost. If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
Whence is it, thou, fair excellence, art guilty?

Lady A. What means the slanderer?

Glost. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes suppos'd, to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Lady A. Then take that sword, whose bloody point still reeks

With Henry's life, with my lov'd lord's, young Edward's,
And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.

Glost. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Lady A. Why by despairing only canst thou stand excus'd?
Didst thou not kill the king?

Glost. I grant ye.

Lady A. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and virtuous;
But he's in heaven, where thou canst never come.

Glost. Was I not kind, to send him thither, then?
He was much fitter for that place than earth.

Lady A. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glost. Yes, one place else——If you will hear me name it.

Lady A. Some dungeon.

Glost. Your bedchamber.

Lady A. Ill rest betide the chamber, where thou liest.

Glost. So it will, madam, till I lie in yours.

Lady A. I hope so.

Glost. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something a more serious method,
Is not the causer of the untimely deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Lady A. Thou wert the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glost. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty! that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom?

Lady A. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glost. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,
So I by that—it is my day, my life!

Lady A. I would it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glost. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

Lady A. Say rather 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him, that kill'd my husband.

Glost. Fair creature, he, that kill'd thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Lady A. His better does not breathe upon the earth;

Glost. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Lady A. Name him.

Glost. Plantagenet.

Lady A. Why, that was he.

Glost. The self-same name, but one of softer nature.

Lady A. Where is he?

Glost. Ah, take more pity in thy eyes, and see him ——here

Lady A. would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glost. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death:
Darting with cruel aim despair and love;
I never su'd to friend or enemy;
My tongue could never learn soft smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Lady A. Is there a tongue on earth, can speak for thee?
Why dost thou court my hate?

Glost. Oh, teach not thy soft lips such cold contempt!——
If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out, that adores thee!
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg that death, upon my knee.

Lady A. What shall I say, or do? direct me, Heav'n!
When stones weep, sure the tears are natural;
And Heav'n itself instructs us to forgive,
When they do flow from a sincere repentance. [*Aside.*

Glost. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry.
But, 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me;
Or, now dispatch—'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But, 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on:
And I might still persist, (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done—
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd
My heart, and made it flow with penitence.
[*She drops the Sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Lady A. No, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glost. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Lady A. I have, already.

Glost. That was in thy rage;
Say it again, and even with thy word,
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
What! not a word, to pardon, or condemn me!
But thou art wise, and canst, with silence, kill me;

Yet, even in death, my fleeting soul pursues thee;
Dash not the tears of penitence away——
I ask but leave to indulge my cold despair.

Lady A. Wouldst thou not blame me, to forgive thy crimes?

Glost. They are not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can a[illegible]—Oh, misery
Of thought, [illegible]s me with, at once, repentance
[illegible]espa[illegible]h unpardon'd, yield me pity.

[illegible] I knew thy heart!

[illegible] 'Tis [illegible]ur'd in my tongue.

[illegible] I fear me, both are false.

[illegible] Then never man was true!

[illegible] Put up thy sword.

[illegible] Say, then, my peace is made.

Lady A. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glost. But, shall I live in hope?

Lady A. All men, I hope, live so.

Glost. I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was!
Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to woman;
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turn'd to peace and love.
Oh! if thy poor, devoted servant might
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou wouldst confirm his happiness for ever!

Lady A. What is't?

Glost. That it may please thee, leave these sad designs,
To him, that has most cause to be a mourner,
And, presently, repair to Crosby House;
Where, after I have solemnly inter'd,
At Chertsey Monastery this injur'd king,
And wet his grave, with my repentant tears,
I will, with all expedient duty, see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this favour.

Lady A. I do, my lord, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel, and Stanley, go along with me.

Glost. Bid me farewell.

Lady A. 'Tis more than you deserve.
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell a[lready.] [*Exeunt.*

Guard. Towards Chertsey, [...]

Glost. No, to Whitefriars; [...] my co[m]ing. [*Exeunt* GUA[RDS] [with] *the* [...]

Was ever woman, in this humour, [woo'd?]
Was ever woman, in this humour, won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his fat[her,]
To take her, in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having Heaven, her conscience, and these bars, against me,
And I, no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
And yet, to win her! all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on *me*,
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus!
My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
I do mistake my person, all this while,
Upon my life! she finds, (although, I cannot,)
Myself, to be a marvellous, proper man.
I'll have my chambers lin'd with looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study *fashions*, to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it, with some little cost;
But first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
And then return, lamenting, to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
That I may see my shadow, as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, meeting* LORD STANLEY.

Buck. Did you see the duke?

Stanley. What duke, my lord?

Buck. His Grace of Gloster; did you see him?

Stanley. Not lately, my lord—I hope no ill news?

Buck. The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can utter,
Edward, the king, his royal brother,'s dead!

Stanley. 'Tis sad, indeed! I wish by your impatience,
To acquaint him though, you think it so, to him. [*Aside.*
Did the king, my lord, make any mention
Of a protector, for his crown, and children?

Buck. He did; Duke Richard has the care of both.

Stanley. That sad news you are afraid to tell him too. [*Aside.*

Buck. He'll spare no toils, I'm sure, to fill his place.

Stanley. 'Pray, Heav'n, he's not too diligent! [*Aside.*
My lord, is not that the Duchess of York,
The king's mother, coming, I fear, to visit him?

Buck. 'Tis she—little thinking what has befall'n us!

Enter DUCHESS OF YORK.

Duch. of York. Good day, my lords; how takes the king his rest?

Buck. Alas, madam! too well—he sleeps for ever!

Duch. of York. Dead! Good Heav'n, support me!

Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot, to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes!

Duch. of York. Another taken from me too! why, just Heav'n,
Am I still left the last, in life, and woe?
First, I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,
Yet liv'd, with looking on his images:
But now, my last support is gone.—First, Clarence,
Now, Edward, is for ever taken from me,
And I must now of force, sink down with sorrow!

Buck. Your youngest son, the noble Richard, lives,
His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,
And bring new comfort to your latter days.

Duch. of York. 'Twere new, indeed! for yet of him, I've none,
Unless a churlish disposition may
Be counted from a child a mother's comfort.
Where is the queen, my lord?

Buck. I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,
Who have, with much ado, persuaded her
To leave the body.—Madam, they are here.

Enter QUEEN, RIVERS, *and* DORSET.

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my grief? unless,
To make me rave, and weep, the faster? ha!
My mother too, in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
My heart, at sight of every friend that lov'd
My Edward, living! Oh, mother, he's dead!
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Oh, that my eyes could weep away my soul!
Then I might follow, worthy of his hearse.

Stanley. Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,
And now, the mother's only, claims your care.
Think on the prince, your son—send for him, straight,
And let his coronation clear your eyes,

Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave—
Revive your joys, on living Edward's throne.

Queen. Alas! that thought, but adds to my afflictions!
New tears for Edward, gone, and fears for Edward, living!
An helpless child, in his minority,
Is in the trust of his stern uncle, Gloster—
A man, that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love:
Your son will find in him, a father's care.

Enter GLOSTER, *behind.*

Glost. Why, ah! these tears look well—Sorrow's the mode,
And every one at court must wear it now:—
With all my heart; I'll not be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Queen. My lord, just Heaven knows, I never hated Gloster!
But would, on any terms, embrace his friendship.

Buck. These words would make him weep—I know him yours.—
See, where he comes, in sorrow for our loss.

Glost. My lords, good morrow—Cousin of Buckingham,
I am yours. [*Weeps.*

Buck. Good morning to your grace.

Glost. Methinks,
We meet, like men that had forgot to speak.

Buck. We may remember; but our argument,
Is now too mournful to admit such talk.

Glost. It is, indeed! Peace be with him, that made it so!
Sister, take comfort; 'tis true, we've all cause
To mourn the dimming of our shining star;
But sorrow never could revive the dead;
And if it could, hope would prevent our tears;
So we must weep, because we weep in vain.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
My grief was blind—I did not see your grace;
Most humbly, on my knees, I crave your blessing.
Duch. of York. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and tongue love one another! may Heav'n
Endow thy breast with meekness, and obedience!
Glost. Amen, and make me die a good old man!
That's the old but-end of a mother's blessing;—
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out! [*Aside.*
Buck. My lords, I think 'twere fit, that, now, Prince Edward
Forthwith, from Ludlow, should be sent for, home,
In order to his coronation.
Glost. By all means, my lord;—Come, let's in, to counsel,
And appoint, who shall be the messengers:
Madam, and you, my sister, please you, go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.
Queen. My lord, your wisdom needs no help from me,
My glad consent you have, in all that's just,
Or for the people's good, though I suffer by't.
Glost. 'Please you to retire, madam; we shall propose,
What you'll not think the people's wrongs, nor yours.
Queen. May Heaven prosper all your good intent!
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Glost. Amen, with all my heart!—for mine's the crown,
And is not that a good one?—ha! pray'd she not well, cousin?
Buck. I hope she prophesy'd—you now stand fair.
Glost. Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here! methinks
The massy weight on't, galls my laden brow:
What think'st thou, cousin, wer't not an easy matter
To get Lord Stanley's hand, to help it on?
Buck. My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,

He loves the prince too well—he'll scarce be won
To any thing against him.

Glost. Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't! What think'st thou, then, of
Hastings?

Buck. He shall be try'd, my lord; I'll find out
Catesby,
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts—
But we must still suppose the worst may happen:
What, if we find him cold in our design?

Glost. Chop off his head!—something we'll soon
determine:
But haste, and find out Catesby,
That done, follow me to the council chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known, that we confer in private, therefore,
Away, good cousin.

Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit.*

Glost. Thus far, we run before the wind;
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask.
The conquer'd Lady Anne is bound in vows;
Fast as the priest can make us, we are one.
The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.
Let me see—
The prince will soon be here—let him! the crown!
Oh, yes, he shall have twenty—globes, and sceptres
too!
New ones made to play withal, but no coronation—
No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.
Hold ye—where shall he keep his court?—the
Tower?
Ay—the Tower. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

PRINCE EDWARD, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, *and* ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Glost. Now, my royal cousin, welcome to London!
Welcome to all those honour'd dignities,
Which, by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possessed of!
And, if my plain simplicity of heart,
May take the liberty to show itself,
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love—Why do you sigh, my lord?
That weary way has made you melancholy.

P. Ed. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Tressel. More uncles! what means his highness?

Stanley. Why, sir, the careful Duke of Gloster, has
Secur'd his kinsmen on the way.—Lord Rivers, Gray,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
Are prisoners now in Pomfret Castle:
On what pretence it boots not, there they are;
Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse them.

Glost. My lord, the Mayor of London comes greet you.

Enter LORD MAYOR *and Two* ALDERMEN.

Lord M. Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept
The general homage of your royal city:
We farther beg your royal leave, to speak,
In deep condolement of your father's loss;
And, as far as our true sorrow would permit,
To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.

P. Ed. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
Alas! my youth is yet unfit to govern,
Therefore, the sword of justice is in abler hands;
But be assur'd of this, so much already
I perceive I love you, that though I know not yet
To do you offices of good; yet this I know,
I'll sooner die, than basely do you wrong.

Glost. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*

P. Ed. My lords,
I thought my mother, and my brother, York,
Would, long ere this, have met us on the way:
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glost. Where it shall seem best to your royal self.
May I advise you, sir, some day or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

P. Ed. Why at the Tower? But, be it as you please.

Buck. My lord, your brother's Grace of York.

Enter DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF YORK.

P. Ed. Richard of York! how fares our dearest brother? [*Embracing.*

D. of York. Oh, my dear lord! So I must call you now.

P. Ed. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours!
Too soon he dy'd, who might have better worn
That title, which, in me, will lose its majesty.

Glost. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

D. of York. Thank you kindly, dear uncle—Oh, my lord,
You said that idle weeds were fast in growth;
The king, my brother, has outgrown me, far.

Glost. He has, my lord.

D. of York. And, therefore, is he idle?

Glost. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

D. of York. Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,
For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

Glost. How so, cousin?

D. of York. Because, I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,
Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.

Glost. Indeed! I find, the brat is taught this lesson. [*Aside.*
Who told thee this, my pretty, merry cousin?

D. of York. Why, your nurse, uncle.

Glost. My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou wert born.

D. of York. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

Glost. So subtle too! 'tis pity thou art short liv'd! [*Aside.*

P. Ed. My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.

Glost. Oh, fear not, my lord; we shall never quarrel.

P. Ed. I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.

D. of York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me;

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

P. Ed. Fie, brother, I have no such meaning!

Glost. My lord, wilt please you, pass along?
Myself and my good cousin of Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet, and bid you welcome, at the Tower.

D. of York. What! will you go to the Tower, my dear lord?

P. Ed. My Lord Protector will have it so.

D. of York. I shan't sleep in quiet, at the Tower.

Glost. I'll warrant you; King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet. [*Aside.*

P. Ed. What should you fear, brother?

D. of York. My uncle, Clarence' ghost, my lord;
My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

P. Ed. I fear no uncles dead.

Glost. Nor any, sir, that live, I hope?

P. Ed. I hope so too; but come, my lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little, prating, York
Was not instructed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glost. No doubt—no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd young master:
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable!
He is all the mother's, from the top to the toe:
But let them rest.—Now what says Catesby?

Buck. My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter CATESBY.

Glost. So, Catesby, hast thou been tampering?
What news?

Catesby. My lord, according to the instruction given me,

With words, at distance dropp'd, I sounded Hastings,
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;
To which, indeed, I found him cold, unwilling:
The sum is this—he seem'd awhile to understand me not;
At length, from plainer speaking, urg'd to answer,
He said, in heat, rather than wrong the head
To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Glost. Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:
He shall be taken care of; meanwhile, Catesby,
Be thou near me.—Cousin of Buckingham,
Let's lose no time; the mayor and citizens
Are now at busy meeting, in Guild Hall.
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of:
But, above all, infer the bastardy
Of Edward's children.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if myself might wear the golden fee,
For which I plead.

Glost. If you thrive well, bring them to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd,
With the most learned fathers of the church.

Buck. I fly, my lord, to serve you.

Glost. To serve thyself, my cousin;
For look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables
Whereof the king, my brother, stood possess'd.

Buck. I shall remember, that your grace was bountiful.

Glost. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit.*

Glost. So, I've secur'd my cousin here. These moveables
Will never let his brains rest, till I'm king.

Catesby, go you with speed to Doctor Shaw,
And thence, to Friar Beuker—bid them both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest:
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Meanwhile, my private orders shall be given,
To lock out all admittance to the princes.
Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!
How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, to undertake like me!
Come, this conscience is a convenient scarecrow;
It guards the fruit, which priests and wise men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves;
They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't;
While half-starv'd, shallow daws, through fear, are honest.
Why were laws made, but, that we're rogues by nature?
Conscience! 'tis our coin—we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best, that has the most to spare.
The protesting lover buys hope with it,
And the deluded virgin, short-lived pleasure;
Old greybeards cram [redacted]ice with it;
Your lank-jaw'd, hungry judge, will dine upon't,
And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold:
The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway;
The stubborn people, for unaw'd rebellion.
There's not a slave, but has his share of villain:
Why, then, shall after ages think my deeds
Inhuman, since my worst are but ambition?
Ev'n all mankind, to some lov'd ills incline:
Great men chuse greater sins—ambition's mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

LADY ANNE *discovered, sitting on a Couch.*

Lady A. When—when shall I have rest? Was marriage made
To be the scourge of our offences here?
Oh, no! 'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous;
It once was so to me, though now my curse.
The fruit of Edward's love was sweet and pleasing;
But, oh! untimely cropp'd by cruel Gloster;
Let me have music, to compose my thoughts.
[*Soft Music.*
It will not be; naught but the grave can close my eyes.
But see,
He comes—the rude disturber of my pillow.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Ha! still in tears? let them flow on; theyr'e signs
Of a substantial grief.—Why don't she die?
She must; my interest will not let her live.
The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye;
My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.
They say, that women have but tender hearts:
'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found them tough;
They'll bend, indeed, but he must strain, that cracks them.
All I can hope 's to throw her into sickness,
That I may send her a physician's help.

So, madam, what! you still take c...
To let the world believe I love you n...
This outward mourning now has mali...
So have these sullen disobedient tears;
I'll have you tell the world I dote upon you.

Lady A. I wish I could—but 'twill not be believ'd.
Have I deserv'd this usage?

Glost. You have—you do not please me, as at first.

Lady A. What have I done? What horrid crime committed?

Glost. To me the worst of crimes; outliv'd my liking.

Lady A. If that be criminal, just Hea'vn be kind,
And take me while my penitence is warm;
Oh, sir, forgive and kill me.

Glost. Umph! no—the meddling world will call that murder,
And I would have them think me pitiful:
Now, wert thou not afraid of self destruction,
...ou hast a fair excuse for't.

...dy A. How fain would I be friends with death!
...Oh, name it.
...Thy husband's hate: nor do I hate thee,

From the dull'd edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite—what think'st, thou now?
Do I dissemble?

Lady A. Thy vows of love to me were all dissembled.

Glost. Not one—for when I told thee so, I lov'd:
Thou art the only soul I never yet deceiv'd;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee.
If this have no effect, she is immortal! [*Aside.*

Lady A. Forgive me, Heav'n, that I forgave this man.
Oh may my story, told in after ages,

...ar easy sex's ears;
...e hearts of men, and strike
...eir dissimulated love!

Enter CATESBY.

Glost. Now, Catesby—
Catesby. My lord, his Grace of Buckingham attends your highness' pleasure.
Glost. Wait on him—I'll expect him here.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Your absence, madam, will be necessary.
Lady A. 'Would my death were so! [*Exit.*
Glost. It may be, shortly.
[CATESBY *passes over the back of the Stage.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

My cousin, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones:
Their hesitating fear has struck them dumb!
Glost. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's ...dren?
Buck. I did, with his contract to lady L...
Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for ...
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace;
Your bounty, justice, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing that might gild our cause,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in my talk:
And when my oration drew towards an end,
I urg'd of them that lov'd their country's good,
To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard!
Glost. And did they so?
Buck. Not one, by Heav'n—but each like statues fix'd,
Speechless and pale, star'd in his fellow's face:
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?

His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoken to, but by the recorder:
Who then took on him to repeat my words;
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing urg'd in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of my own,
At th' lower end of th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, God save King Richard!
At which I took the 'vantage of those few,
And cry'd, Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;
And even here broke off, and came away.

Glost. Oh tongueless blocks! would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear,
And be not spoken with, but by mighty suit.
A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,
Standing between two churchmen of repute:
For on that ground I'll make an holy descant;
Yet be not easily won to our requests?
Seem, like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Glost. My other self—my counsel's consistory!
My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Buck. Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand—away, my lord;
No doubt, but yet we reach our point propos'd.

Glost. We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot!
A little flattery sometimes does well. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD MAYOR *and* CITIZENS.

Buck. Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here,
I am afraid the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Catesby. My lord, he humbly does entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow, or the next day:
He's now retir'd with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To interrupt his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Citizens,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness.

Buck. Ah, my lord! this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans;
But with two deep divines in sacred praying:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty.

Lord M. Happy indeed, my [illegible]
He will not, sure, refuse our proffer'd love?

Buck. Alas, my lord! you know him not: his mind's
Above this world—he's for a crown immortal.
Look there, his door opens; now where's our hope?

Lord M. See where his grace stands, 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught—there's his ambition.

Lord M. How low he bows, to thank them for their care!
And see! a prayer-book in his hand!

Buck. 'Would he were king, we'd give him leave to pray!
Methinks I wish it, for the love he bears the city.
How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard

The Mayor should lose his title with his office!
Well, who knows? he may be won.

Lord M. Ah, my lord!

Buck. See, he comes forth—my friends, be resolute;
I know he's cautious to a fault: but do not
Leave him, till our honest suit be granted.

Enter Gloster, *with a Bo*

Glost. Cousin of Buckingham,
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
So long deferr'd the service of my friends.
Now do I fear I've done some strange offence;
That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: we wish your grace,
On our entreaties, would amend your fault.

Glost. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
In this just cause, I come, to move your highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your own by right of birth, and lineal glory.

Glost. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Fits best with my degree, or your condition:
Therefore, to speak in just refusal of your suit,
in speaking not to check my friends,
ly thus I answer you:
deserves my thanks; but my desert,
le, shuns your fond request;
h be thank'd, there is no need of me;

. royal stock has left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his reign.
On [illegible] I lay what you would lay on me,
The r[illegible]d fortune of his happier stars;
Which [illegible] forbid my thoughts should rob him of!

Lord M. [illegible]pon our knees, my lord, we beg your grace
To wear this precious robe of dignity,
Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy;
'Tis yours, befitting both your wisdom and your birth.

Catesby. My lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

Buck. Oh, make them happy! grant their lawful suit.

Glost. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I thank you for your loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)
I will not, dare not, must not, yield to you.

Buck. If you [illegible], through a soft remorse,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son
(As well we know your tenderness of heart);
Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other on the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And, thus resolv'd, I bid you, sir, farewell.
My lord, and gentlemen, I beg your pardon;
For this vain trouble—my intent was good,
I would have serv'd my country and my king:
But 'twill not be—farewell, till next we meet.

Lord M. Be not too rash, my lord: his[illegible] lents.

Buck. Away, you but deceive yourselves

Catesby. Sweet prince, accept their suit.

Lord M. If you deny us, all the land wi[illegible]

Glost. Call him again—[*Exit* CATESBY.] you will enforce me to
A world of cares—I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Tho', Heav'n knows, against my own inclining.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave, men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whet[illegible] I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But, if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me;
For Heaven knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Lord M. Heaven guard your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glost. You will but say the truth, my lord.

Buck. My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words;
My knee will ben[illegible]k my duty [illegible]!
Long live our sovereign, Richard, king of England.

Glost. Indeed, your words have touch'd me nearly, cousin!
Pray rise—I wish you could recall them.

Buck. It would be treason, now, my lord; to-morrow,
If it so please your majesty, from council
Orders shall be given for your coronation.

Glost. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your majesty.
And now we take our leaves with joy.

Glost. Cousin, adieu—my loving friends, farewell.
I must unto my holy work again.

[*Exeunt all but* RICHARD.

Why, now my golden dream is out—
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back

My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown!
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds!
Oh! how thy awful glory wraps my soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre!
For, not men's love, fear pays the adoration,
And fame not more survives from good than evil
deeds.
Th' aspiring youth, that fir'd the Ephesian dome,
Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that rais'd it.
Conscience, lie still; more lives will yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintain'd. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The TOWER.

QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, DUKE OF YORK, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* LADY ANNE, *discovered.*

P. Ed. Pray, madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more complaints to tell you.
Queen. And I unable to redress the least;
What wouldst thou say, my child?
P. Ed. Oh, mother, since I have lain i' the Tower,
My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
Or shocking news has wak'd me into tears:

I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me;
All my old honest servants are turn'd off,
And in their room are strange illnatur'd fellows,
Who look so bold as they were all my masters;
And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.

Duch. of York. Oh, mournful hearing!

Lady A. Oh, unhappy prince!

D. of York. Dear brother, why do you weep so?
You make me cry too!

Queen. Alas, poor innocence!

P. Ed. 'Would I but knew at what my uncle aims;
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me 'joy my life in quiet.

D. of York. Why, will my uncle kill us, brother?

P. Ed. I hope he won't; we never injur'd him.

Queen. I cannot bear to see them thus. [*Weeping.*

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stanley. Madam, I hope your majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell, unwelcome news!

Queen. Ah [illegible] more sorrow yet! my lord, we've long
Despair'd of happy tidings; pray, what is't?

Stanley. On Tuesday last, your noble kinsmen, Rivers,
Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, at Pomfret,
Were executed on a public scaffold.

Duch. of York. Oh dismal tidings!

P. Ed. Oh poor uncles! I doubt my turn is next.

Lady A. Nor mine, I fear far off.

Queen. Why then let's welcome blood and massacre,
Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrong;
Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house. [*Weeps.*

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, the king
Has sent me to inform your majesty,

That you prepare (as is advis'd from council)
To-morrow for your royal coronation.

Queen. What do I hear! support me, Heav'n!

Lady A. Alas, I heard of this before, but could not
For my soul find heart to tell you of it.

Catesby. The king does farther wish your majesty
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
He gives me leave t' attend you to the court,
And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.

Lady A. Farewell to all! and thou, poor, injur'd queen,
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt partner in our sorrow.

Catesby. Madam.

Lady A. I come.

Catesby. Shall I attend your majesty?

Lady A. Attend me! whither? to be crown'd?
Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die ere man can say, Long live the Queen!

[*Exit with* CATESBY.

Stanley. Take comfort, madam.

Queen. Alas, where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us!

Stanley. In Brittany,
My son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Gloster;
To him would I advise you, madam, fly
Forthwith for aid, protection, and redress:
He will, I'm sure, with open arms receive you.

Duch. of York. Delay not, madam,
For 'tis the only hope that Heav'n has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please—for any change
Must surely better our condition.

Stanley. I farther would advise you, madam, this instant
To remove the princes to some
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.

P. Ed. Dear madam, take me hence; for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.

D. of York. Nor I; pray, mother let me go too.

Queen. Come then my pretty young ones, let's away,
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with a Warrant.*

Lieut. I beg your Majesty will pardon me;
But the young princes must, on no account,
Have egress from the Tower.
Nor must (without the king's especial license)
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admission to them—all must retire.

Queen. I am their mother, sir! who else commands them?
If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
For you—I'll take the peril of your fault upon myself.

Lieut. My inclination, madam, would oblige you;
But I am bound by oath, and must obey;
Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued visit.
Please you, my lord, to read these orders.

Queen. Oh! heav'nly powers, shall I not stay with them?

Lieut. Such are the king's commands, madam.

Queen. My lord!

Stanley. 'Tis too true—and it were vain to oppose them.

Queen. Support me, Heav'n!
For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
Oh! my poor children! oh, distracting thought!

I dare not bid them, (as I should) farewell;
And then to part in silence stabs my soul!

P. Ed. What, must you leave us, mother!

Queen. What shall I say? [*Aside.*
But for a time, my loves—we shall meet again,
At least in heaven.

D. of York. Won't you take me with you, mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to them, and yet we must
Be parted—then let these kisses say farewell.
Why! oh why! just Heav'n, must these be our last?

Duch. of York. Give not your grief such way—be sudden when you part.

Queen. I will—since it must be—to heav'n I leave them:
Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!
Awake or sleeping—Oh! protect them still!
Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,
That when the arm of cruelty is rais'd,
Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down
From the stern murderer's relenting hand,
And throw him on his knees in penitence!

Both Princes. Oh, mother, mother!

Queen. Oh! my poor children!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber.

GLOSTER, *seated*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, &c.

Glost. Stand all apart—Cousin of Buckingham—

Buck. My gracious sovereign!

Glost. Give me thy hand;

At length by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is Gloster seated on the English throne,
But say, my cousin—
What, shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. I hope for ages, sir—long may they grace you!

Glost. Oh! Buckingham! now do I play the touch-stone,
To try if thou be current friend indeed:
Young Edward lives, so does his brother York.
Now think what I would speak,

Buck. Say on, my gracious lord.

Glost. I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes—
Now tho' thy friendly hand has brush'd them from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.
I would be king, my cousin.

Buck. Why, so I think you are, my royal lord.

Glost. Ha! am I king? 'tis so—but—Edward lives.

Buck. Most true, my lord.

Glost. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain—I wish the bastards dead!
And I would have it suddenly perform'd!
Now, cousin, canst understand me?

Buck. None dare dispute your highness' pleasure.

Glost. Indeed! methinks thy kindness freezes, cousin.
Thou dost refuse me then?—they shall not die.

Buck. My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be
Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think;
I'll instantly resolve your highness. [*Exit.*

Glost. I'll henceforth deal with shorter sighted fools.
None are for me, that look into my deeds

With thinking eyes—
High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect;
The best on't is, it may be done without him,
Tho' not so well, perhaps—had he consented,
Why, then the murder had been his, not mine.
We'll make a shift as 'tis—Come hither, Catesby:
Where's that same Tirrel, whom thou told'st me of?
Hast thou given him those sums of gold I order'd?

Catesby. I have, my liege.

Glost. Give him this ring, and say, myself
Will bring him farther orders instantly.

[*Exit* CATESBY.

The deep revolving Duke of Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my councils;
Has he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stanley. I hear, my liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, now in Brittany.

Glost. Why, let him go, my lord: he may be spar'd.
Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Anne, my queen?
Is she still weak? has my physician seen her?

Ratcliff. He has my lord, and fears her mightily.

Glost. But he's exceeding skilful, she'll mend shortly.

Ratcliff. I hope she will, my lord.

Glost. And if she does, I have mistook my man!
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
At whom I know the Briton, Richmond, aims;
And by that knot, looks proudly on the crown.
But then to stain me with her brother's blood;
Is that the way to woo the sister's love?

No matter what's the way—for while they live,
My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.
'Tis done, my daring heart's resolv'd—they're dead!

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request, that you did sound me in.

Glost. Well, let that rest—Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I have heard the news, my lord.

Glost. Stanley, he's your near kinsman—well, look to him.

Buck. My lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith's eng ag'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Glost. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. what says your highness to my just request?

Glost. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth,
When Richmond was a little, peevish boy,
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
'Tis odd—a king, perhaps—

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord, I have obey'd your highness' orders.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit?

Glost. Lead Tirrel to my closet, I'll meet him.

Buck. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.

Glost. I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not i' th' vein. [*Exit.*

Buck. Oh patience, Heav'n! is't thus he pays my service?
Was it for this I rais'd him to the throne?
Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense
Of the vile injuries they bore while living,
Then sure the joyful souls of blood-suck'd Edward,
Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through
His foul corrupted dealings have miscarried,
Will, from the walls of heav'n, in smiles look down,
To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,
His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Tower.

Enter TIRREL, DIGHTON, *and* FOREST.

Tirrel. Come, gentlemen,
Have you concluded on the means?
Forest. Smothering will make no noise, sir.
Tirrel. Let it be done i' th' dark—for should you see
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
Of innocence may tempt you into pity?
Stand back—Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. I have them, sir.
Tirrel. Then here's your warrant to deliver them.
[*Giving a Ring.*
Lieut. What can this mean! why at this dead of night

To give them too! 'tis not for me to inquire. [*Exit.*
Tirrel. Gentlemen, there lies your way.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. 'Would it were done!
There is a busy something here,
That foolish custom has made terrible,
To the intent of evil deeds? and nature too,
As if she knew me womanish and weak,
Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
To talk me from my purpose—
And then the thought of what men's tongues will say,
Of what their hearts must think;
To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead.
Shall future ages, when these children's tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,
And read with detestation, the misdeeds of Gloster.
The crook-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
And bloody? will they not say too,
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
Nor human stopt my way?—Why, let them say it;
They can't but say I had the crown;
I was not fool as well as villain.

Enter TIRREL.

Now, my Tirrel, how are the brats dispos'd?
Say, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon them?

Tirrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beget your happiness, then, sir, be happy, for it is done.

Glost. But didst thou see them dead?

Tirrel. I did, my lord.

Glost. And bury'd, my good Tirrel?

Tirrel. In that, I thought to ask your grace's pleasure.

Glost. I have it—I'll have them sure—get me a coffin
Full of holes—let them be both cramm'd into it;
And hark thee, in the night tide, throw them down
The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the bottom;
Meantime, but think, how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tirrel. I humbly thank your highness.

Glost. About it, strait, good Tirrel.

Tirrel. Conclude it done, my lord. [*Exit.*

Glost. Why, then my loudest fears are hush'd;
The sons of Edward have eternal rest,
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night;
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord——

Glost. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Catesby. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increases.

Glost. Morton with Richmond, touches me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash levy'd numbers.

But come, dangers retreat, when boldly they're confronted,
And dull delays lead impotence and fear;
Then fiery expedition raise my arm,
And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion!
Let's muster men—my counsel is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Court in the Tower.

Enter QUEEN *and* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen. Oh, my poor children!—Oh, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands:
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me, with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Why slept their guardian angels, when this deed was done?

Duch. of York. So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,
That my woe-weary'd tongue is still and mute;—
Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Let's give them scope; for though they can't remove,
Yet, do they ease, affliction.

Duch. of York. Why, then, let us be loud in exclamations,

To Richard, haste, and pierce him with our cries:
[*Trumpet sounds a March.*
Hark, his trumpet sounds!—this way he must pass.

Queen. Alas, I've not the daring to confront him!

Duch. of York. I have a mother's right—I'll force him to hear me.

Enter GLOSTER *and* CATESBY, *with Forces.*

Trumpet sounds a March.

Glost. Who interrupts me, in my expedition?

Duch. of York. Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my son?

Glost. I cry your mercy, madam—is it you?

Duch. of York. Art thou my son?

Glost. Ay, I thank Heaven, my father, and yourself.

Duch. of York. Then I command thee, hear me.

Glost. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. of York. Stay, I'll be mild, and gentle, in my words.

Glost. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Duch. of York. Why, I have staid for thee, (just Heav'n knows)
In torment, and in agony.

Glost. And came not I at last, to comfort you?

Duch. of York. No, on my soul! too well thou know'st it,
A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
Techy, and wayward, was thy infancy;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn;
Thy age confirm'd, most subtle, proud, and bloody!

Glost. If I am so disgracious in thy eye,
Let me march on, and not offend thee, madam;

Duch. of York. Yet stay, I charge thee, hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me; for I have wrongs will speak

Without a tongue.—Methinks, the very sight
Of me should turn thee into stone!
Where are my children, Gloster?

Duch. of York. Where is thy brother, Clarence?

Queen. Where Hastings?

Duch. of York. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan?

Duch. of York. Grey?

Glost. A flourish, trumpets; strike alarum, drums;
Let not the Heav'ns hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Heav'ns anointed!—Strike, I say!
[*Alarm of Drums and Trumpets.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or, with the clamorous report of war,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. of York. Then hear me, Heav'n! and Heav'n, at his latest hour,
Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!
Ere, from this war he turn a conqueror,
Ye Powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,
Lest his black sins rise higher in account,
Than hell has pains to punish!
Mischance, and sorrow, wait thee to the field!
Heart's discontent, languid, and lean despair,
With all the hell of guilt, pursue thy steps, for ever!
[*Exit.*

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less power to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to her.

Glost. Stay, madam, I would beg some words with you.

Queen. What canst thou ask, that I have now to grant?—
Is't another son? Gloster, I have none.

Glost. You have a beauteous daughter, call'd Elizabeth—

Queen. Must she die too?

Glost. For whose fair sake, I'll bring more good to you,
Than ever you, or yours, had from me, harm:
So, in the Lethe of thy angry soul,
Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest, that the process of thy kindness,
Last longer telling, than thy kindness' date.

Glost. Know, then, that, from my soul, I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
Seat her on the throne of England.

Queen. Alas, vain man! how canst thou woo her?

Glost. That, I would learn of you,
As one, being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then woo her thus:
Send to her, by the man who kill'd her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrav'd,
Edward, and York—then, haply, will she weep:
On this, present her with an handkerchief,
Stain'd with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes:
If this inducement move her not to love,
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds;—
Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles,
Clarence, Rivers, Grey; nay, and, for her sake,
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt, Anne.

Glost. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. What shall I say?—Still to affront his love,
I fear, will but incense him to revenge;
And, to consent, I should abhor myself:—
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus,
By sending Richmond word of his intent,
Shall gain some time, to let my child escape him.
It shall be so. [*Aside.*

I have consider'd, sir, of your important wishes,
And, could I but believe you real——

Glost. Now, by the sacred host of saints above—

Queen. Oh, do not swear, my lord, I ask no oath,
Unless my daughter like you more than I.

Glost. Oh, my kind mother! (I must call you so)
Be thou to her, my love's soft orator;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
And, when this warlike arm, shall have chastis'd
The audacious rebel, hot-brain'd Buckingham;
Bound with triumphant garlands, will I come,
And lead your daughter, to a conqueror's bed.

Queen. My lord, farewell—in some few days, expect
To hear, how fair a progress I have made:
Till when, be happy, as you're penitent.

Glost. My heart goes with you to my love.—Farewell! [*Exit* QUEEN.
Relenting, shallow-thoughted women!

Enter RATCLIFF.

How now?—the news?

Ratcliff. Most gracious sovereign, on the western coasts,
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears
Inform us, Richmond is their admiral.
There do they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore. [*Exit.*

Glost. We must prevent him, then—Come hither, Catesby.

Catesby. My lord, your pleasure?

Glost. Post to the Duke of Norfolk, instantly,—
Bid him, straight levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me, suddenly,
At Salisbury.—Commend me to his grace—away!
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Well, my lord, what news have you gather'd?

Stanley. Richmond is on the seas, my lord.

Glost. There let him sink, and be the seas on him
White-liver'd renegade!—what does he there?

Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

Glost. Well, as you guess?

Stanley. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here, to claim the crown.

Glost. Traitor! the crown!
Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
The foe upon the coast, and thou no friends to meet them?
Or, hast thou march'd them to the western shore,
To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

Stanley. My lord, my friends are ready all i' th' North.

Glost. The North! why, what do they i' th' North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

Stanley. They, yet, have had no orders, sir, to move:
If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,
I'll lead them on, with utmost haste to join you,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

Glost. What! wouldst begone to join with Richmond?

Stanley. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty;
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.

Glost. Away then to thy friends, and lead them on
To meet me—hold—come back—I will not trust thee.—
I've thought a way to make thee sure—your son,
George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind;

And look, your heart be firm,
Or else, his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley. As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him. [*Exit.*

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord, the army of great Buckingham,
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd:
And he himself wander'd away, alone,
No man knows whither.

Glost. Has any careful officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Ratcliff. Such proclamation has been made, my lord.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.

Glost. Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham.

Catesby. My lord, I am sorry I must tell more news.

Glost. Out with it!

Catesby. The Earl of Richmond, with a mighty power,
Is landed, sir, at Milford;
And, to confirm the news, Lord Marquis Dorset,
And Sir Thomas Lovewel, are up in Yorkshire.

Glost. Why, ay, this looks rebellion—Ho! my horse!
By Heav'n, the news alarms my stirring soul!
Come forth, my honest sword, which, here, I vow,
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd!—
Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful rest,
Till death has clos'd 'em in a glorious grave,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter RICHMOND, SIR W. BRANDON, SIR R. BRACKENBURY, OXFORD, BLUNT, *and Others.*

Rich. Thus far, into the bowels of the land,
Have we march'd on, without impediment.
Gloster, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
Its ripen'd hope of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the town of Leicester:
From Tamworth, thither, is but one day's march;
And here, receive we, from our father, Stanley,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement,
Such, as will help to animate our cause;
On which, let's cheerly on, couragious friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
Or fame, more lasting, from a well-fought war.

Sir W. Brand. Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our men,
Who look'd, methought, but cold, before—dishearten'd,
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

Rich. Why, double them, still our cause would conquer them.
Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just;

And he, but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
The very weight of Gloster's guilt shall crush him.
Sir R. Brock. His best friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.
Sir W. Brand. He has no friends, but what are such, through fear.
Rich. And we, no foes, but what are such to Heav'n.
Then, doubt not, Heav'n's for us—let's on, my friends;
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts, with eagles' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bosworth Field.

Enter GLOSTER, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, &c.

Glost. Here pitch our tent, even in Bosworth Field:
My good Lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply, hast merited my thanks.
Nor. I am rewarded, sir, in having power
To serve your majesty.
Glost. You have our thanks, my lord: up with my tent!
Here I will lie, to-night—but where to-morrow?
Well, no matter where—has any careful friend
Discover'd yet, the number of the rebels?
Nor. My lord, as I from spies am well inform'd,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Glost. Why, our battalions treble that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they, upon the adverse faction, want.
Nor. Their wants are greater yet, my lord—those e'en
Of motion, life, and spirit.—Did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field—
Oh, such a tatter'd host of mounted scarecrows!
So poor, so famish'd! their executors,
The greedy crows, fly, hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.
Glost. Now, by St. Paul, we'll send them dinners and apparel!
Nay, give their fasting horses provender,
And after, fight them.—How long must we stay,
My lords, before these desperate fools, will give
Us time to lay their faces upwards?
Nor. Unless their famine saves our swords that labour,
To-morrow's sun will light them to their ruin;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.
Glost. The sooner, still the better—Come, my lords,
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground—
Call me some men of sound direction.
Nor. My gracious lord——
Glost. What say'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. Might I advise your majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.
Glost. How so, my lord?
Nor. The poor condition of the rebels tells me,
That, on a pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those, who instantly shall quit their arms,
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.
Glost. Why, that, indeed, was our sixth Harry's way,

Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.
I'll be, in men's despite, a monarch ; no,
Let kings that fear, forgive—Blows and revenge for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Wood.

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, *&c.*

Rich. The weary sun has made a golden set,
And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Here have I drawn the model of our battle,
Which parts, in just proportion, our small power :
Here may each leader know his several charge,
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir Walter Herbert,
And you, Sir William Brandon, stay with me :
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.

Enter OFFICER.

Offi. Sir, a gentleman, that calls himself Stanley,
Desires admittance to the Earl of Richmond.

Rich. Now, by our hopes, my noble father-in-law !
Admit him—my good friends, your leave awhile.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

My honour'd father ! on my soul,
The joy of seeing you this night, is more
Than my most knowing hopes presag'd—what news ?

Stanley. I, by commission, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
The queen too, has, with tears of joy, consented,
Thou shouldst espouse Elizabeth, her daughter,
At whom the tyrant, Richard, closely aims.
In brief (for now, the shortest moment of
My stay, is bought with hazard of my life)
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
(For so the season of affairs requires)
And this be sure of, I, upon the first
Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,
In which I had more forward been, ere this,
But, that the life of thy young brother, George,
(Whom, for my pawn of faith, stern Richard keeps)
Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
Farewell! the rude enforcement of the time,
Denies me to renew those vows of love,
Which so long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

Rich. We may meet again, my lord——

Stanley. Till then, once more, farewell! be resolute, and conquer. [*Exit.*

Rich. Give him safe conduct to his regiment.—
Well, sirs, to-morrow proves a busy day;
But come, the night's far spent—let's in, to council—
Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,
Let me be wak'd; I will, in person, walk
From tent to tent, and early cheer the soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Bosworth Field.

Enter GLOSTER, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, *and* CATESBY.

Glost. Catesby!
Catesby. Here, my lord.
Glost. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment—bid him, 'fore sun-rise,
Meet me with his power, or young George's head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Catesby. It is, my liege, all in readiness.
Glost. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge!
Use careful watch—chuse trusty centinels.
Nor. Doubt not, my lord.
Glost. Be stirring with the lark, good Norfolk!
Nor. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Glost. Saddle White Surry for the field, to-morrow.
Is ink and paper ready?
Catesby. It is, my lord.
Glost. An hour after midnight, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—A good night, my friends.
[*Exit.*
Catesby. Methinks, the king has not that pleas'd alacrity,
Nor cheer of mind, that he was wont to have.
Ratcliff. The mere effect of business;
You'll find him, sir, another man, i' th' field.

When you shall see him with his beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom
He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still;
Then, with a motion swift and light as air,
Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the saddle;
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.

Catesby. Good night to Richmond, then; for, as I hear,
His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us—
He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
But come, 'tis late—Now let us to our tents;
We've few hours good, before the trumpet wakes us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

GLOSTER'S *Tent, in another Part of the Field.*

Enter GLOSTER, *from his Tent.*

Glost. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung;
Yet I, (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
With all the weary courtship of
My care tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed;
Though ev'n the stars do wink, as 'twere with over-watching:
I'll forth, and walk a while—the air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
How awful is this gloom!—and, hark! from camp to camp,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear—Hark! from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammer, closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger—By yon heav'n, my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away—I'll to my couch,
And once more try to sleep her into morning.
[*Lies down; a Groan is heard.*
Ha! what means that dismal voice? sure 'tis
The echo of some yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghost—'tis gone!
'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
Forcing his entrance through some hollow cavern.
No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy. [*Sleeps.*

KING HENRY'S GHOST *rises.*

K. Hen. Oh! thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all
The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake,
Whose conscience with thy body ever sleeps,
Sleep on; while I, by Heav'n's high ordinance,
In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul:
Now give thy thoughts to me; let them behold
These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand,
Within the Tower, gave my anointed body:
Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw
Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

LADY ANNE'S GHOST *rises.*

Lady A. Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne, thy wife!

E'en in the battle's heat remember me,
And edgeless fall thy sword!—despair, and die!

The GHOSTS *of* PRINCE EDWARD *and the* DUKE OF YORK *rise.*

P. Ed. Richard, dream on, and see the wand'ring spirits
Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower.
Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage;
Oh, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore, alone,
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall.

K. Hen. The morning's dawn has summon'd me away:
Now, Richard, wake, in all the hells of guilt!
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake! to guilty minds
A terrible example! [*All the* GHOSTS *sink.*

Glost. Give me a horse!—bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Heaven!—Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream;
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!
Oh, tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
I am but man; and, fate, do thou dispose me!
Who's there?

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. 'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock
Has thrice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

Glost. Oh, Catesby, I have had such horrid dreams!

Catesby. Shadows, my lord!—below the soldier's heeding.

Glost. Now, by my this day's hopes, shadows, to-night,
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Catesby. Be more yourself, my lord: consider, sir,
Were it but known a dream had frighted you,
How would your animated foes presume on't!

Glost. Perish that thought!—no, never be it said
That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard!
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain;
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse! away!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Wood.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Sir W. Brandon, Sir R. Brackenbury, Blunt, Soldiers, &c.

Rich. Halt!

Sold. Halt!—halt!

Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends?

Sir R. Brack. Near four, my lord.

Rich. 'Tis well—
I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.

Sir W. Brand. Methinks the foes less forward than we thought them;
Worn as we are, we brave the field before them.

Rich. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste.
If dreams should animate a soul resolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to-night:
Methought that all the ghosts of them, whose bodies
Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,
And rous'd me to revenge them.

Sir W. Brand. A good omen, sir.—[*Trumpets sound a distant March.*] Hark! the trumpet of
The enemy! it speaks them on the march.

Rich. Why, then, let's on, my friends, to face them;
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As mild behaviour and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest here shall share his part of.
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
Sound drums, and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.
The word's St. George, Richmond, and Victory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER, CATESBY, *&c.*

Glost. Who saw the sun, to-day?

Catesby. He has not yet broke forth, my lord.

Glost. Then he disdains to shine—for, by the clock,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks low'ring upon him.

Enter NORFOLK, *with a Paper.*

Nor. Prepare, my lord; the foe is in the field.

Glost. Come, bustle, bustle! caparison my horse;
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;—
Myself will lead the soldiers to the plain.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Well, Norfolk, what think'st thou now?
Nor. That we shall conquer—but on my tent,
This morning early, was this paper found.
Glost. [Reads.] *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,*
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.
A weak invention of the enemy!
Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,
And, ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A scum of Britons, rascals, runaways!
Whom their o'ercloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and destruction.

Enter CATESBY.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Catesby. He does refuse, my lord—he will not stir.
Glost. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the foe's already past the marsh—
After the battle, let young Stanley die.
Glost. Why, after be it then.
A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom:
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice renown'd,
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions!
Upon them!—Charge!—Follow me! [*Exeunt.*

SOLDIERS *driven across the Stage, by* GLOSTER, *&c.*

Glost. What, ho! young Richmond, ho! 'tis Richard calls!
I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster!
Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And dying groans transpierce the wounded air,

Richmond, I say, come forth, and singly face me!
Richard is hoarse, with daring thee to arms! [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY *and* NORFOLK, *in disorder.*

Catesby. Rescue! rescue! My Lord of Norfolk, haste!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring and opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond, in the throat of death:
Nay, haste, my lord!—the day's against us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* RATCLIFF.

Glost. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Ratcliff. This way, this way, my lord!—below yon thicket
Stands a swift horse—away! ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.
Glost. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field!
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
ho r se! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Enter RICHMOND.

Of one or both of us, the time is come!
Rich. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee, for my cause is thine!
If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.
Glost. Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could 'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.
Rich. Nor should thy prowess, Richard, want my praise,
But that thy cruel deeds have stamp'd thee tyrant.
So thrive my sword, as Heav'n's high vengeance draws it!

Rich. My soul and body on the action both!

Richm. A dreadful lay! here's to decide it.

[*They fight*—RICHARD *falls.*

Rich. Perdition catch thy arm!—the chance is thine!
But, oh! the vast renown thou hast acquir'd,
In conq'ring Richard, does afflict him more
Than even his body's parting with its soul.
Now, let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms; that each heart being set
On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead. [*Dies.*

Enter OXFORD, LORD STANLEY, *and* SOLDIERS, *with* KING RICHARD'S *Crown.*

Richm. Oh, welcome, friends! my noble father, welcome!
Heav'n and our arms be prais'd, the day is ours!
See there, my lords, stern Richard is no more!

Stanley. Victorious Richmond, well thou hast acquitted thee!
And see, the just reward that Heav'n has sent thee:
Among the glorious spoils of Bosworth field,
We've found the crown, which now in right is thine:
'Tis doubly thine, by conquest, and by choice.
Long live Henry the Seventh, King of England!
[*Trumpets.*

Richm. Next to just Heav'n, my noble countrymen,
I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of;
And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.
But now, my lords, what friends of us are missing?
Pray, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stanley. He is, my liege, and safe at Leicester town,
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Enter OFFICER.

Offi. My lord, the queen, and fair Elizabeth,
Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,
Are on their way, to gratulate your victory.
Rich. Ay, there indeed my toil's rewarded!
Let us prepare to meet them, lords — and then,
As we're already bound by solemn vows,
We'll twine the roses red and white together,
And both from one kind stalk shall flourish:
England has long been mad, and scar'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son;
The bloody son, compell'd, has kill'd his sire.
Oh, now, let Henry and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds!
And be that wretch of all mankind abhorr'd,
That would reduce those bloody days again;
Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,
That would with treason wound fair England's peace!

THE END.

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Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;
You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man c
think it?——
But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?——
We will.

Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore, as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come:—
Here, as before,—Never,—so help you mercy!
How, strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
(With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
Or such ambiguous giving out,) denote
That you know aught of me:—this do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together:
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint—O cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right! [*Exeunt.*